ARE THEY GOING TO HANG MY PAPA

BY

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ED. E. MATTHES

Are they going to hang My Papa?

OWEN SPENDTHRIFT.

INTRO.
Moderato.

f

Com-rades can you tell me what
Tear-ful with e-mo-tion, he

rit.

flag it is that waves, The speak-er thus ad-dressed a mot-ley
raised one bo-ny hand, The plead-ing child, the speak-er gaunt and

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crowd Where law pro - tects the mill - ion - aire to
tall So si - lent in his move - ments like a

be o - beyed by slaves', 'Rose a mur - mur then in cho - rus long and
spir - it in com - mand, 'Till the calm of death o'er spread that crowd - ed

loud The meet - ing was as - sem - bled, The
hall A - rouse ye slaves a - wak - en, What

min - ers all were there Ma - ny pro - test res - o - lu - tions had been
will your an - swer be: Are we un - ion men to suf - fer ev' - ry

read. Thro' that tem - pest of con - fu - sion came a
wrong? If they mur - der hon - est Hay - wood they will

child with gold - en hair, And sob - bing thus so plead - ing - ly she said:
have to mur - der me, Then rang a voice a - bove that might - y throng:

Smoother.

Are they go - ing to hang my Pa - pa, He's

in - no - cent I know He nev - er could do

Are the going eto -

an - y wrong He is so good and true; ___

___ It sure-ly will kill dear Mam - ma, And

break my heart in two Are they going to hang my

Pa - pa, Plead this babe with eyes of blue.

"Workers of the World Unite

You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Chains, You Have a World to Gain"